3-may-12

It was Multimedia (MT) viva today. I was travelling without ticket and the ticket-checker got in just one stop before the last, damn. I couldn’t do anything. I told him I forgot to take the ticket and that I had the old pass that just got over. He got me down the bus, and fined me R200, which I had to simply give for sake of the time and peace of mind. He even kept my bus-pass so I think I might have some problem when I will go to get a new one on depot in August.

I hadn’t studied anything of MT and I was studying DSP yesterday, or not studying at all. I went for viva. Kohli took five rupees from six of us to whom he gave the print-outs of the files, he spared me. This is so ridiculous. During viva, sir let in any five students, asked them few questions and gave off marks out of ten for four times. I got in with third batch. Sonam was there and nobody was ready to get in with her. She has a reputation for big mouth and for answering even for the questions to the others who go with her. Not one was ready to go with, she had already asked me to come and we two went in. I told sir the story and then came out to call three more. Huh, I tried to persuade the closest people, Astha, Shreya and Karishma, but it was not really possible. Right then, Nishant, Apurv and Gaurav came over. The questions were easy but it takes time to think of the answer in presentable form. I didn’t answer instinctively like others but I was saying things. Sir specifically asked me ‘what is morphing’, I told him I won’t be able to say the exact, but I tried and even he was patient in giving me the time I needed to think and form the statement and answer. He made it really easy for me. My answer was close to the right. That was just one question specifically asked to me. I hadn’t really answered too much and I wasn’t expecting too much but he gave me fine marks, I suppose 6, 8, 7 and 9.

It was nice, I felt better after an ultimate fucked up beginning of the day.

I was home early around 1130 but did nothing as such to tell. I was cleaning and pushing some junk out of the drawer. I was sleeping in the afternoon for about two hours that was all. It was 1700 now and I studied for an hour or so.

I went out for some time, and I was just wicket-keeping for the cricket match of kids going on. I just wanted to pass some time in some sporty activity. At the end of the match, the kid Dhruv (Malini auntie’s son, lives in 23rd flat on sixth floor) was getting messy with me. I just in order to shoo him off, threw brick on the ground in his direction and it brushed on his leg a little bit above the ankle. He went back to the running-crease and pulled down some fake tears to Ojas, who was bowling. It was just last three balls of the match, the match ended, and this little prick goes home and comes back with his mother. The woman is a complete actor, she pretended to be on phone when I would speak, she would say what she would want to say politely and in a way just to make me understand and not actually put blames, and then she actually hit out blames while showing supportive mimic with her hand as throwing off a brick. Bitches gone be bitches! It was fine nothing so serious.

I had texted Mahima to ask for badminton around 1715 and she sent back ‘NO’ around 1900 when match was over. I was anyway happy for her as she was playing swing-cricket with other girls. I came back home to have food, as I had nothing to do, I wasn’t in the mood to study.

It was 1925. I thought to go out to walk and then it was Mahima and Esha in the B-1 parking. I was just heading out and it was there the girls were talking on loud voice. As I see these girls, I wasn’t expecting anything but Mahima said out, “What’s up”. I walked over to them and the evening started. Esha asked Mahima for a walk around on the peripheral round, I walked them to the gate and then I just asked them if I could come with them as even I was going out only for walk. It was a ‘yes’. We started with what Cuckoo and Appu had lately been posting on her wall, the hearts and stupid double meaning smiley sequences. Esha left us before the end of the first round. Mahima tells me that Esha doesn’t really like me, it is because I keeping ‘sexy-sexy’ too many times. It was just random topics one after another, the girl would ask me something, allow to me speak but then continue to speak and answer the question with her own experiences. We weren’t alone on the rounds; I had the idea of what people could be found on the round at this time. Puneet’s mother, her A-2 block friends were standing on the round next to A-2. Even Poonam auntie (Hardik’s mother) had been on round once and I don’t think she saw us. Guard, electrician and Suresh (the flat-dealer) chose to take rounds in opposite direction, creepers. Even Anu saw us; she was returning to home to the back door, she had just come back from office. She saw me, saw her, crossed us, and then she turn around to see us, as we turn our face around only to see her seeing us, wow. Mahima thinks that even her mother saw us from her balcony on the third floor, facing the peripheral street.

Mahima said she would go home by 2000. It was fine by me. She walked us to the B-1 parking again, and we talked a bit of last words, she told me that it should be before 1930 if walking happens tomorrow. I agreed, I was saying that she should text me to come for walk around 1900, or whenever she feels like walking tomorrow. I pointed to her moody nature, and the irregular schedule, I pointed to how she told me a ‘no’ for badminton after a wait of approximately two hours. It was fine, we hi-five and head back on to our ways. I reach home and tell her that it would fine at time for walk tomorrow, and before 1930, to make it good for both of us on time back at home. I didn’t have the idea that she would pull off a lengthy conversation, damn it. I never really push off, I was rather trying to keep the conversation as healthy as I normally would, but it was now ten-minutes to nine. I took the excuse of food, and she was studying Economics of ninth standard she is now in. I said ‘I loved ECO when I had it’, she said ‘it sucks; you go have food, bye, TTYL (talk to you later)’. I asked jokingly, ‘did you leave anything for us to talk tomorrow or finished it today itself’. After getting no reply, I text, ‘bye, good night, ☺☺’

This chick is into me.

I had to eat fruits, I had study, but life sucks when it is just not supposed to. Anu and Srishti throw go crazy, and make plans of scanning the old mechanical-camera photos from the old, older and oldest albums which amma and fat-whore and Sadhna had been viewing lately. Rekha buaji wanted some photos of Babbu mailed to her, so that was it. Why my scanner was to be fucked, why was I to be fucked now? I spent the rest of the time in confusion created by this bitch. She would act just in her usual way; throw fits to whatever I will say. I even got out at first when she told me to in full attitude, and then she had come to call me over again with scanner. I went and helped in scanning. She was picking out pictures and I was scanning. It was so much waste of important time now. She complain of my language but she herself is so damn fucking irresponsible, there should be a new word for such a pathetic creep person. After scanning about 30-40 photos and the work finished, I came back to my room after seeing the same old attitude-of-ingratitude of this fuck-bitch.

I was in my room around 2330, and it is 0038 now, damn it, I should fucking die now to be alive on time tomorrow morning.

-OK